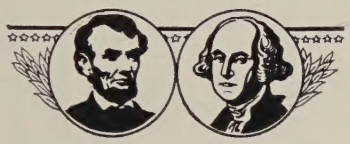
$2.00 " year

FEBRUARY, 1952

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



America The Beautiful

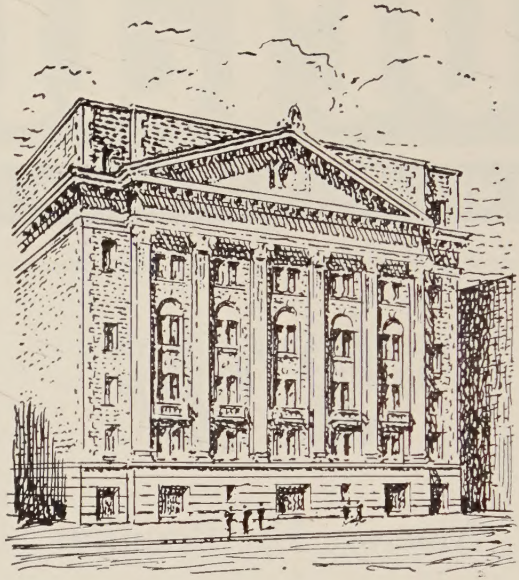
KATHERINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

. . . . . .

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

(Brotherhood Week is Feb. 17 to 24)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

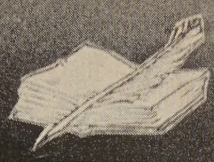
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXVIII *February, 1952* *Number 11*

FEBRUARY SERMON SERIES

Sunday Mornings

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

"HONESTY IN PUBLIC LIFE"

February 3—"THOMAS PAINE AND INTELLECTUAL HONESTY"
February 10—"LINCOLN AND POLITICAL HONESTY"
February 17—"WASHINGTON AND NATIONAL HONESTY"
February 24—"FRANKLIN AND ECONOMIC HONESTY"

* * *

February Book Lectures—Wednesday Evenings

By Dr. Bradley

February 6—"THE WAY TO SECURITY", Henry C. Link
February 13—"THE LIFE WE PRIZE", Elton Trueblood
February 20—"GOD AND MAN AT YALE", William F. Buckley, Jr.
February 27—"THE SEA AROUND US", Rachel L. Carson

* * *

Annual Brotherhood Service

Sunday Evening, February 17, at 7 o'clock
Rabbi Felix A. Levy, Emanuel Congregation
Rev. Lewis McGee, Free Religious Fellowship
Judge Gibson E. Gorman, of the Criminal Court
Dr. Preston Bradley, The Peoples Church

* * *

HEAR DR. BRADLEY EVERY SUNDAY MORNING
WJJD — 11:00 to 12:30

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ONE of the most effective organizations in this country in its field is the Junior Association of Commerce. For many years I have been in close contact with the Chicago Junior Association and I have found it to be one of the most progressive and constructive organizations in the city. Throughout the years they have always stood for things in civic life which are helpful and remedial. They have inaugurated several innovations for the betterment of the entire community.

One of my most cherished possessions is the award presented to me by the Chicago Association some few years ago for my own work. I have watched these young men as they have grown out of the age limit of thirty-five and assumed positions of responsibility and leadership in every area of our city's life. Some of the best leadership in our city today comes from the Junior Association.

For some years the U. S. Jaycees (the United States Junior Association of Commerce) have annually selected the judges who in turn have selected the ten outstanding young men of the year in the United States between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. I have had the honor of serving on this distinguished Board of Judges for the third time. The men who made the selections for the year 1951 are the following:

William Green, President, A. F. of L.; Frank Pace, Secretary of the Army; Drew Pearson, Columnist; Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church; J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the F. B. I.; Dean Rusk, Assistant Secretary of State; S. C. Allyn, President, National Cash Register Company; Senator Olin Johnston, of South Carolina; Thomas J. Watson, Jr., Executive Vice-President, I. B. M. Corporation; Dr. George L. Cross, President, University of Oklahoma; H. C. Fetterolf, President, American Vocational Association; and Dr. Franklin Murphy, Chairman, University of Kansas.

Two Chicagoans, one a scientist and the other a Negro publisher were included in the year's ten outstanding young men of 1951. The scientist is Dr. Andrew W. Lawson, Jr., 34, chairman of the department of physics of the University of Chicago and a member of the Institute for Study of Metals.

The publisher is John H. Johnson, 33, whose three magazines—EBONY, TAN and JET—have a combined circulation of 1,000,000. Backed by $500 borrowed from a loan company, Johnson and his wife Eunice went into the publishing business in 1942, basing their operation in a back room lent to them by a lawyer friend. The other eight on the list are: Col. Francis S. Gabreski, 31, 5th air force, Korea; Dr. Hugh C. MacGuire, 33, pediatric surgeon, Montgomery, Alabama; Gordon Manning, 34, managing editor of Collier's magazine, New York; Stanley Hiller, Jr., 27, helicopter designer, Atherton, California; Rep. Charles Edward Potter, 35, Cheboygan, Michigan; Dr. Arthur C. Guyton, 33, physician, Oxford, Mississippi; Donald Randolph Wilson, 34, national commander of the American Legion, Clarksburg, W. Virginia, and Gordon McLendon, 29, president of Liberty Broadcasting system, Dallas, Texas.

The Jaycee selection of outstanding young men between 21 and 35 has been an annual project since 1934.

The wisdom of the choices of the judges through the years has been affirmed by the leadership which these ten young men during the years have assumed throughout the nation. The last time I was a judge, one of the young men selected was Charles W. Percy, who now is president of the great Bell & Howell Company. I could give example after example of how justified the selections have been and how the young men chosen predicated future lives of activity and achievement.

The other night when I was speaking at the Teachers' Institute in Marion, Indiana, the Jaycees of Indiana were beginning their State Convention. It was a refreshing and an encouraging experience to see the vitality and buoyancy of the young men who were gathering there for their Annual State Convention. There isn't any doubt but that some of our Senior Chambers of Commerce could profit notably by absorbing some of the adventuresomeness and energy of the Junior Association. They are progressive and constantly alert for programs which will bring a renewal of confidence in their community and help solve some of the intricate community problems. If I could qualify in the age group of the Junior Association of Commerce, I am quite sure that I would give it my energy and my time in any community where there was a Junior Association.

I predict for 1952 a still better year for the Junior Association. What they are doing for the future of our country in business, in industry and in education, is one of the most hopeful signs of these difficult days.

* * *

During the month of January I have been speaking every Thursday noon at 12:15 in Memorial Hall, of the main building of the Chicago Public Library in the loop, and although I have given these noonday lectures each January for many years I have never known the interest to be anything comparable to what it has been this year. In spite of weather conditions and transportation difficulties in the loop, Memorial Hall has been filled to overflowing, chairs have been brought in and at the third lecture people were standing outside the doors, in the Museum. This is most gratifying because the response has been, not to foolish, ephemeral and effervescent types of books that are popularly known as best sellers, but the books I have discussed have all been books without any popular appeal in the usually accepted sense. I have taken such books as THE WAY TO SECURITY, by Henry C. Link; THE ANATOMY OF HAPPINESS, by Martin Gumpert, M.D.; THE CONDUCT OF LIFE, by Lewis Mumford; UNDER WHATEVER SKY, by Irwin Edman, and THE ART OF CLEAR THINKING, by Rudolf Flesch. The largest attendance was brought out by the book of Lewis Mumford, THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

One of the most inspiring signs which indicate people are becoming alert to the conditions in which we all live is their response to the basic and fundamental books which are treating of these acute problems. The future of society and the future of the democratic processes depend on an educated citizenry. When people will refuse to base their opinions on the headlines of newspapers and the raucous voices and slanted reports of radio commentators, and the frequent effervescent mouthings of politicians, and will begin to study and inform themselves fundamentally, there will be a change in our whole political atmosphere. People are beginning to think for themselves and they are not thinking in terms of their labels. This is hopeful and encouraging.

The greatest eras of progress civilization has ever achieved have been those in which men have thought for themselves and refused to be tyrannized by external authority. The increasing interest in the great books courses in which only basic and authoritative thinkers are considered is another illustration of this point of view. It is not going to be possible to sway people with mass technique as has been done in the past. The country is always in danger when a slogan is substituted for a thought or when enthusiasm is artificially stimulated by bombast and hocus pocus. The people will stand just about so much and the American people have just about reached their limit. This I have found to be true as I have travelled about the country doing my work and meeting people in all walks of life and in every strata of our society. It is hopeful and I welcome it. There is a restlessness which is symptomatic of change and that is good.

* * *

The other evening I was invited to go to Richmond, Indiana, to give an address at the opening of their campaign to raise $750,000 for a new addition to the Y.M.C.A. It was fortunate for me that I was able to accept, because I had one of the most inspiring experiences I have had in a long time. I faced a crowd of men who were of every creed and every political loyalty and religious faith; but all were working together for one objective.

Richmond is one of the most interesting smaller cities I have ever visited and the character of the community was indicated in the personnel of the meeting. Sometimes I feel sure that communities of this kind are more nearly indicative of the true spirit and character of America than the great metropolitan centers. In the cauldron of New York or in the dizzy life of Chicago one might occasionally seriously doubt the future, but when one absorbs the spirit, the idealism, the faith, the confidence in a community like Richmond, one comes away with a feeling of encouragement and assurance for the future. One family, the McGuire family, who manufacture power lawnmowers, and one of the leaders in the field throughout the nation, donated $200,000 at the meeting, in memory of their family. That Richmond will achieve its goal is a certainty, and I came away with my faith deepened in the future of our country no matter how acute and serious the problems seem to be.

* * *

What a winter this has been! I don't recall—and I have spent more than 40 winters in Chicago—anything comparable to what we have had. Our streets have been all but impassable and our transportation inadequate. Sometimes when I would leave my Study to go to the church on Sunday morning or on Sunday evening I would marvel that anyone would be able to face the difficulties and be in church, but it is in times of stress and challenge that our loyalties are demonstrated; and the faithfulness of the people who have attended the services and the Wednesday night book lectures has encouraged me so that I do not think I shall ever again be concerned by what the weather will do to congregations.

I am more than gratified at the attendance we have had during these difficult weeks. I have noticed too that the attitude of the people has been changing and they are more receptive and responsive than I have ever known audiences to be. I have found this to be true not only in our own pulpit but in the attendance which I have faced almost nightly throughout the winter. People are alert; they are concerned; they are determined not to acquiesce into a lethargy, but rather to do some-

thing about the situations which surround them. I am more encouraged for the future and have a deeper confidence in the judgment and maturity of the American people than I have ever known in my lifetime. The old adage that things have to get worse before they can get better seems to be working out. There is a certain limit to just how much people will tolerate without effective protest. The rumblings of the protest can already be heard by anyone whose ear is close to the ground. It is a warning to all who believe otherwise; a warning that should be heard by the politicians, by educators, by spiritual leaders, by business men and by labor. Not to hear this is self-imposed deafness.

* * *

I have written rather hopefully in the preceding paragraphs, but there is one situation that still disturbs and alarms me. What about television and radio? Everywhere I go I hear businessmen and industrialists, leaders in their respective fields of activity, bemoan the passing of something they call the American way of life, and the gradual dissipation of free enterprise. The other day at noon I sat at the speaker's table at the meeting which the Traffic Club of Chicago gave to the presidents of all the railroads in America that were over 100 years old. I sat between the presidents of two of America's best-known railroads. Both men expressed to me their fear and anxiety for the future and said, what can be done about it?

No one can deny the influence of television and radio as important mediums in the development of our social and educational life; and when great organizations will spend millions on froth and frivolity and in some cases downright smut, and utilize these two great mediums for nothing better than that, they are certainly inconsistent. There are good programs in television; there are good programs in radio, but they are all out of proportion to the opportunity presented.

America seems to be unable to dramatize its own great achievements. Dictatorship did it. Mussolini and Hitler and Stalin understood the art of pageantry. I maintain that democracy should find a way to dramatize itself. Although most Americans are fully aware of the privileges and blessings which they enjoy, they have little sense of responsibility in their maintenance. We seem always to be on the receiving end. We are constantly talking about our rights and too little attention is paid to our duties. For every right which you or I enjoy there is a corresponding duty. If we fail to have an individual sense of responsibility it will not be long before our rights will be superseded and removed. The tragic history of government is that when the people voluntarily do not assume the necessary responsibility it is soon done for them and you get more centralized authority. People are anxiously waiting for the creative and constructive attitudes. The newspapers screech and scream at us of collapse and breakdown, crime, graft and greed. Radio commentators recite hour after hour the miseries, the woes, the failures and defects of humanity, until people get an idea that all is lost and that the future will only bring disaster and destruction.

I maintain that television and radio have a responsibility to do something about that attitude and that the great corporations and manufacturing institutions that have millions of dollars available for this kind of justified propaganda are not meeting that responsibility. After all it is the consumer who creates the dollars for them and they have a responsibility to the con-

(*Continued on page* 11)

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—
- February 4, Education Department, Anderson Hall .... 1:00 p.m.
- February 18, Annual Birthday Party and Reception to new members ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—February 12th, Joanne Plett presents a demonstration of Textile Painting (this is the postponed meeting of January 21st) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Men's Club—February 25, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age)
February 8 and February 22 in Bradley Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday night in the Church Auditorium .... 8:00 p.m.
Auditions ..... 7:30 p.m.

Usher's Club—Notices mailed, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday Anderson Hall .. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, January 25, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast .. 11:00 a.m.

WHEN THE ROAD GETS SLIPPERY

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1951

THE greatest drama ever written is the Book of Job. No drama in the whole history of the world's literature compares with it. The name of the playwright has been lost in the mists and fogs of the centuries, but the greatness of the drama remains. The Book of Job in the Old Testament follows all of the necessary techniques involved in the writing of great drama. It has prologue. It has dialogue. It has epilogue. It has everything which great drama requires. And above all it has a great theme. There can be no great art without a great theme. There is no great literature, no great music, no great architecture, no great painting, no great art without a great theme. Just as there cannot be a great life without a great theme. Every life which is to be significant in the lives of mankind must be a life imbued with a great purpose, a great imperative, a great theme. Without that it is worthless and useless.

This great Book of Job has a theme in which God and Satan play together for the soul of a man, and that man is the enduring character of Job. Satan threw it into the face of God that Job was a good man only because he was a prosperous man; that he had lands and fields, and position and power and money. And he said to Him: "Your servant, Job, is a good man because he is a successful man and a rich man. You strike your servant, Job, hit him hard, do something to him to wound him deeply and Job will turn on you and repudiate you. He worships you," said Satan to God, "because he has no troubles and no problems. Who couldn't worship God in an atmosphere of that kind and who couldn't be religious? But strike him! Hit him nearest to his heart! Destroy his fields and his crops and his lands! Kill his cattle and his beasts of burden! Strike death into the heart of his sons and his daughters! Make his wife unfaithful! Strip him of his dollars and his wealth and you'll see what will happen to him!"

God bargained with the devil over Job and God said "Right. I will meet your test with my servant, Job. I will meet your challenge!" And then tragedies one after another in rapid succession and sometimes all together hit Job. His loved ones were torn from his heart. His money melted and faded away. His lands were scorched. His buildings were burned. His beasts were destroyed and there he stood suffering the agony of physical torture himself. And God and the devil looked on. In the midst of this trouble Job's friends came to him and they said "Job, your God has stricken you, hasn't He?" And those friends were very little help. And the companion who had shared life with him, at a moment when she should have been by his side sharing and contributing as only a good wife can the struggles and agony of her husband, she too turned to him and said "Look what your God has done to you! Look at your fortune, your wealth! Look at your loved ones! Look at your own body, a mass of putrid, filthy sores! And you tell me that God loves you! O, Job, curse God and die!" That was the advice of his wife—"Curse God and die!" But one of his friends, Eliphaz, in the desolation and tragedy of one who stood alone thus heartbroken, with his body in torture,

turned and looked up into Job's face and said: "Job, your words have kept men on their feet! Your words have kept men on their feet!"

To me that was the greatness of Job—that straight through every experience of his life, his words kept men on their feet, on the slippery places of the road, as they passed along the way. I would rather have it said of me, when the last sermon has been preached in this pulpit, and when my work is done, and inevitably that cannot be too far distant; but I would rather have it said of me when that hour comes into my life, as friends and loved ones and associates meet to pay their respects to me, "His words kept men on their feet!" I would rather have that tribute than to achieve fame or wealth or power, social recognition, or financial security. I would rather have that spoken from the lips of the rich and the poor, from the learned and the illiterate, from the white and the black, from the Catholic and the Jew, and from the Protestant—from them all, I would rather have them say in quiet sincerity, "His words kept men on their feet when the roads were slippery and dangerous; when the long, long hills were ahead with no one knowing the conditions on the other side of the hill; when the troubles and the worries, the disappointments and frustrations and the disillusionments and agonies of life came, and when the dreams for the future failed and fell out of the skies, and ghastly nightmares mocked the souls of men; when everything we have given our lives to is shattered into a million pieces and falls in tragic fragments at our feet, when all that happens to our souls and yet we can say of a man "His words kept me on my feet!" What better can be said of a man!

Those are words that need to be spoken in this hour. All the highways of the earth are slippery. The roads that lead to London are greased with danger. The roads to Berlin and Rome and Moscow are slippery. All the highways of the earth are slippery highways, and only those who have a sense of history and only those who know historical processes know how much we need the clear clarion voices that will keep us on our feet. The air is filled and will be increasingly filled with the raucous voices of politicians and candidates. The headlines are screaming at us of increased graft and chicanery and moral collapse, indicating the gnawing away of the spiritual foundations by the termites of greed and self-interest. There is the increased economic burden that will be placed upon a people with a future mortgaged for a thousand years and unborn babies for generations yet to come having to bear the burden of our failures and our mistakes. How we will need voices that will keep us on our feet!

When I tune in on my radio I wait for that voice that will keep me on my feet and I can't find him. Here in the greatest hour of need of the American people, the greatest medium for inspiration, encouragement and help is prostituted and in the dust, while our minds are surfeited with things that are of transitory value and will last but a moment and are gone. Not a moment in all the week in which the voice of confidence, of courage, of inspiration can be heard. Plenty of trash. Plenty of cheapness. Plenty of mediocrity.

Where are the great institutions, the great powerful manufacturing companies and the great organizations of America that could say to the American people "Here is your moment, your voice, your inspiration to keep you on your feet!" And these are the very same people who worry most about what is going to happen to America!

Nothing done, and they have the power!

What about the great medium of television? Then not only could we hear the voice but we could see the speaker and there would be moments of inspiration and encouragement and an increase of confidence in the fundamental and basic reality of our American structure; but instead of that we get pretty largely froth and stupidity. And the very agencies that have the power to do this to us and have the power to speak words that would keep men on their feet are silent!

"He kept men on their feet!" *You* had better be doing it, Mr. Manufacturer. *You* had better be doing it, Mr. Industrialist. *You* had better be doing it, those of you who have millions to spend in radio and television and other avenues. *You* had better find a place in your 1952 budget for something that you are not doing now. You made your millions out of America, for no industry and no economic power could ever exist without the purchasing power of people. The people made you what you are! They bought your products. They made you powerful! They made you rich. And your country is in trouble, and the very people who made you what you are, they are in trouble and they need a voice. We need inspiration. We need help. We need courage. We don't like to go to bed at night as we turn off our radios from having our ears blasted with the sophistry and banalities of cheap music and cheaper voices. We want the fine music and the splendid voices that will keep us on our feet in a slippery time.

Would to God these words of mine could reach into the heart of some great financial power that could say "We'll do it. Fifteen minutes a day, a half hour, but we'll find it. We'll find it for the America we love and for the people. It may not sell soap. It may not sell chewing gum. It may not sell beer. It may not sell cigarettes. It may not sell the things we make, but it will sell something we need infinitely more." It will sell the courage and the faith that the American people must find to keep on their feet.

I send out this challenge to America. Industry, find a way! Do something about it. Something is happening to our people. You may not know it, you who sit in your mahogany offices surrounded by your own little contingent of life. I know people. I am walking up backstairs into homes where sickness and death are. I know what's happening to people. I talk to old people and tired people, not your kind of people—people who are tired and disillusioned with life. I haven't the money —would to God I had a million dollars. I wish I did. I think in three months I could change the atmosphere of America—in three months—and there are people and concerns and institutions listening to me now that could do it. That is a responsibility upon you, gentlemen. We need you. We need the inspiration to keep America on its feet and we're getting nothing but vulgar and cheap comedy and people running about on television programs in their underwear and telling thousand-year-old jokes. We have the greatest medium ever given to mankind to keep us on our feet and with but a few exceptions it is nothing—nothing. You wonder why we are in trouble? You wonder why other countries are in trouble? The world is in moral bankruptcy; there is tragedy and chaos. You needn't wonder why—we are being penalized! We haven't made the most of our opportunities.

Ten years ago today, out of a clear sky, the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. It was on a Sunday. Let me be a little intimate with you for these closing two or three minutes—more than I have

been before. Why I should be I don't know, except I am more or less under the control of the inspiration which I have at this moment and I feel the imperative to be quite intimate with you; and if I can't be intimate with our own people and in our own pulpit which we have shared together for lo, these many years, where can I be?

Ten years ago last night, on a Saturday evening, Mrs. Bradley and I sat in our study at home. I was pretty low and I was feeling tired. I had had thirty years of battling on the front line trenches with humanity; thirty years of standing out in the full, clear, penetrating light of publicity, under the constant demand of the public. I was a little tired as Mrs. Bradley and I sat together in my study that evening as we always did and selected the poems that I was to read in the morning. Sometimes when Jimmy was home in the early years he would share the task with us. I often come across in my books of poetry now as I go through them Saturday after Saturday comments in Jimmy's handwriting and Mrs. Bradley's handwriting, commenting on some poem I read.

Well, that night I got to thinking, and I turned to Mrs. Bradley and I said "Mother, we've had thirty years of it and I'm a little tired. What do you say we call it a day?" I hadn't spoken to my Board of Trustees. Not a word had I spoken to anybody in this church; not a word had I spoken to her until that moment, but I had been thinking about it for days. And I said "You know, Mother, I have written my resignation from the church." She was shocked. She turned to me and said "Why, what do you mean?" And I said "Here it is," and I read it to her, and I said "To take effect at the close of this church year. Thirty years is enough. Now let them find another voice. I have done my work and it's been hard and difficult." And I said "Over there on my book shelves there are probably three or four hundred books that I have been wanting to read and that I have been planning to read some day in the afterglow of life. I haven't read them. But before that let's go out to San Francisco and get on a President liner, you and I, and let's go around the world, take a good rest, and then we'll come back and we'll go to our little island up north for the summer and then we'll do something in the winter. And I can accept some of the engagements I have wanted to make. I can visit various colleges and universities throughout the country."

Then, being somewhat of a practical nature, Mother looked at me and said "What are you going to live on?" I said "Oh, let's not worry about that. There are plenty of homes for old preachers and their wives and then there's always the relatives." Then she turned to me and said, "Oh, do you mean it?" And I said "Yes, I mean it." She came over to me and said "All right. All right, we'll do it." I put that letter of resignation in my Sunday coat —I'm old fashioned enough to have a Sunday coat—and I put the letter in my Sunday coat in which I preach and I said "Now tomorrow after the sermon I am going to read that resignation." I hadn't spoken to a soul.

I came to church that morning, went through the service, left the pulpit, jumped into a taxi and started on my way to the South Shore train at the Randolph St. station, which was to take me to a meeting in Niles where I was to speak that afternoon, and on the way to the station I discovered that I hadn't read my resignation. I reached in my pocket and there it was. I had forgotten all about it. I had never read it. I said to myself, "Oh, well, it'll keep. I'll read it next Sunday."

I was met at the train in South Bend by a physician from Niles, Michigan, and I thought he looked very strange when I saw him. He was very white I thought when he came up to me and said "Dr. Bradley?" I said I was and then I said to him "Doctor, aren't you well? Perhaps we had better rest a bit before we start for Niles." He said "I'm all right. Have you heard what's happened?" I said "What?" He answered: "The Japs have just bombed Pearl Harbor!" I just looked at him and finally I said "Why, that's war!" Well we listened to the radio all the way to Niles. I walked out on the platform at that meeting and mentioned briefly what was happening. A woman in the audience screamed. They had to carry her out. She had a son in Pearl Harbor and she never saw him again.

I came back that evening to my own church. It was a little past eight o'clock by the time I arrived here. Some of you may remember that night. Jimmy was standing in this pulpit carrying on for me until I could get here and when I opened the door and walked in, this place was packed with an overflow crowd of 400 people in another room listening to the loud speaker and over a thousand were turned away. The street in front of the church was filled with people who couldn't get in, that Pearl Harbor Sunday. Before I opened that door to come to this pulpit I dipped into my pocket. I took out my resignation and tore it into a hundred pieces and said to myself, "No. Not now. My country is in trouble again. My church is in trouble. No resignation now. We have another war on our hands!" And I said "You can't quit now. The books will never be read. That trip around the world will never be taken. You will go straight on to the end of the road now, trying to keep people on their feet in a slippery time!"

Along the Way

(*Continued from page* 5)

sumer besides merely attempting to make a profit out of their particular commodity.

To say that the public does not want this sort of approach is simply untrue. I know from my own experience in broadcasting and in television that the people will respond to a constructive and a creative attitude more readily and more effectively than they will to this day-by-day recital of collapse and corruption. There is no greater fallacy in radio and television than the fallacy that we are giving the people what they want. We are in trouble, deep trouble; our country is in trouble; the world is in trouble, and not to utilize every available agency for presenting constructive solutions to the trouble is denying the people something to which they are entitled. Whether it will sell merchandise or not is beside the point. Someone must pay the bills, granted, and they must be paid out of budgets. That, too, is granted. But wherever the people have had an opportunity to really become articulate they have responded to approaches such as I have mentioned. Sometime some advertisers are going to see this truth, and when they do, they will make radio and television history!

* * *

I have enjoyed this rambling chat with you this month. We are soon to be in the Lenten season, which will be an opportunity for all of us to deepen our spiritual foundations of life. I hope that our church will present to you, and our magazine will bring to you helpful and inspiring assistance for living life on a high altitude and contributing much toward the betterment of our city, our nation and our world.

TO EVERY FRIEND, MEMBER AND RADIO LISTENER
OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Dear Friend:

On Sunday, March 30th, our beloved pastor, Dr. Preston Bradley, will observe the 40TH ANNIVERSARY of his ministry in our Church.

We want to make this the most memorable day in the history of our Church.

There will be two great services, with Dr. Frederick Eliot, of Boston, Massachusetts, President of the American Unitarian Association as one of the distinguished guests.

We hope every organization in the Church, all members and friends of Dr. Bradley, will plan to co-operate in the programs being arranged for this auspicious year.

Will you please set aside the entire day now? Details will be given later.

Please call the Church Office if you have any plans or suggestions.

We want Dr. Bradley to know we appreciate his many years of service to the people of every creed, race and faith.

Remember the date: March 30, 1952.

We invite your whole-hearted co-operation.

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The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

THE other night in the Hotel Leland Ballroom in Richmond, Indiana, after a talk I had given, a young man stopped me and said, "Dr. Bradley, can World War III be stopped?" I have but one answer to that question. Yes, it can be stopped. The ultimate and fundamental power is with the people; not with a few chosen diplomats. Incompetency and mediocrity does not possess the decisive voice in moments of great responsibility. The people possess the decisive voice. All of these long, dreary, torturous years, our nerves have been twisted and tortured with the possibility of what the next 24 hours might bring forth; with the Western World and the Communist World bungling each other into a tragedy that neither one wants. Russia doesn't want it, believe me. Neither does the Western World.

Stalin would not dare turn loose his own army in a world conflict. There are a million and a half Russian soldiers in Europe today that he would not dare bring back to Russia. They have seen too much of the Western World.

If we can keep steady for a few months longer, the whole complexion of the international scene will change. If we can keep away from an objective war, from a hot war, for a few more months, I think it will be done.

I believe there are voices stirring in the world. I believe a new leadership is coming. I think you will see a new leadership in Russia, in China, in Jugoslavia, a new leadership in Spain. You will see a new leadership in France just as you have already witnessed the transformation of a new leadership in Britain.

There is something at work in the world. It is deep. It is subterranean, but it is at work. The spirit of God is at work. New leadership, new motivation, new imperatives, new youth activity, new sacrifices.

We have got the vision. Man's extremity is God's opportunity and God never fails an opportunity. We do. We are human. We are controlled by the lust for power and bigness and might

and pride and face-saving. Not God. So a new hour and a new day are on the way. Said Mussolini: "Today it is Europe; tomorrow it is the world!" But it never is. "Today it is God. Tomorrow it is a free world!" Civilization has stacked its tents and will never rest until freedom is a reality. For that they died in the First World War. For that they died in the Second World War. For that we must live to prevent a Third World War!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AS I thought about February,—and I was very happy to think about February as I glanced out the Study window on a very dirty, smoggy January day, for it is always possible, if your name is Ethel Smalley, to hope that maybe the next month will furnish better, brighter weather,—yes, as I thought about February, and about the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Paine (for February is always Dr. Bradley's month for giving biographical sermons) I thought too about this being the month in which we celebrate Brotherhood Week. All in all, February is a great month for America, especially that part of it known as the United States of America. We are gradually coming to realize that South America is a part of America, and that Canada is a part of North America, and that, after all, in spite of the way we may individually feel about it, there is much more to America—North and South—than just the United States. So in speaking of brotherhood, we might as well get used to this fact individually and be grown up about the whole thing. I hope you realize though, that I am very grateful to belong to that part of the Americas known as the United States of America.

There is a very lovely book on Dr. Bradley's desk, entitled "One Thousand Beautiful Things," compiled by Marjorie Barrows. I chanced to thumb through it while still thinking about this great month of February just ahead of us, and about Brotherhood. There wasn't anything in the subject index under Brotherhood, but as I turned the pages I saw this heading: "Our American Dream" by James Truslow Adams. Knowing that the book was filled with only beautiful things I felt it would be well worth reading, and I think you will find it so. As we look to February with the hope that Spring will not be too far away, may we look to it also in the spirit of this little immigrant girl, feeling that no hope is too big to hold in our hearts as to what "Our America, these United States" may accomplish:

* * *

Says Mr. Adams: "We have a long and arduous road to travel if we are to realize our American dream in the life of our nation, but if we fail, there is nothing left but the old eternal round. The alternative is the failure of self-government, the failure of the common man to rise to full stature, the failure of all that the American dream

has held of hope and promise for mankind.

"That dream was not the product of a solitary thinker. It evolved from the hearts and burdened souls of many millions, who have come to us from all nations. If some of them appear to us to have too great faith, we know not yet to what faith may attain, and may hearken to the words of one of them, Mary Antin, a young immigrant girl who came to us from Russia, a child out of the 'Middle Ages,' as she says, into our twentieth century. Sitting on the steps of the Boston Public Library, where the treasures of the whole of human thought had been opened to her, she wrote,

" 'This is my latest home, and it invites me to a glad new life. The endless ages have indeed throbbed through my blood, but a new rhythm dances in my veins. My spirit is not tied to the monumental past, any more than my feet were bound to my grandfather's house below the hill. The past was only my cradle, and now it cannot hold me, because I am grown too big; just as the little house in Polotzk, once my home, has now become a toy of memory, as I move about at will in the wide spaces of this splendid palace, whose shadow covers acres. No! It is not I that belong to the past, but the past that belongs to me.

" 'America is the youngest of the nations, and inherits all that went before in history. And I am the youngest of America's children, and into my hands is given all of her priceless heritage, to the last white star espied through the telescope, to the last great thought of the philosopher. Mine is the whole majestic past, and mine the shining future.' "

* * *

We so often forget that only a handful of people came over in the "Mayflower" and that probably there are very few people on these shores today who could trace their ancestry back to that little brave and hardy band of people. We forget that the "Brotherhood" of America is an organization to which every last one of us belongs, and the sooner we recognize that brotherhood, the faster we will travel toward that "shining future" Mary Antin envisioned.

* * *

There are so many fine letters to share with you that I shall turn at once to the Mail Bag. The first one I take out is from Mr. R. L. Daly of Sears, Roebuck & Company, of Richmond, Indiana, who arranged for Dr. Bradley to speak for their $750,000 Campaign Fund Dinner for the YMCA. We rarely quote from these fine letters that are received as the result of Dr. Bradley's speaking engagements, but I thought you might like me to share one or two of them with you:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"I just met Mr. Whitney McGuire, the biggest industrialist in our town, in the post office. He said he went to meet you at the train and had a wonderful half hour.

"Whitney further told me that what you did for Richmond last night with your address has never been done before in the history of the town. I can well believe it and am personally very grateful. I hope you took with you some of the complete feeling of admiration we feel for you. We only hope you can go on forever with your good works.

"Best wishes always.

Very truly yours,

R. L. Daly."

I am told that at the close of Dr. Bradley's address, Mr. Whitney Mc-

Guire gave $250,000 to the YMCA fund.

* * *

Tumbling out of the Mail Bag right on top of the last letter came one from John J. Rudin II, of the Department of Speech of Duke University of Durham, North Carolina. The Duke University asked Dr. Bradley to take part in a panel at the National Association of Speech meeting at the Conrad Hilton Hotel here in Chicago. So many people are not yet accustomed to the change of name from the Stevens Hotel.

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"To my words of thanks and appreciation to you after our panel last Friday, I want to add this note of additional appreciation, for your vital and practical participation in our speech program.

"I think the obvious interest and enthusiasm of the group said more than anything I can say, but I am especially grateful for the vitality and sparkle which you injected into what is sometimes a rather dull type of program. In both the early session and the one which followed it, the interest and enthusiasm were high, and everyone present felt that they had been greatly benefited. This was due in no small part to your exemplification of the principles which you discussed in your speech.

"I am also grateful for Mrs. Harrison's generous and efficient planning, and arranging of details.

"We hope that our program aided in the cause of ministerial education, and I am confident that yours was a major part of the contribution we made.

Sincerely yours,

John J. Rudin II

Department of Speech"

* * *

We recently received two letters from Mrs. Nellie Spence of Decatur, Illinois, one written to Dr. Bradley and one to myself. The one to myself had such an interesting idea in it for club women, I'm going to quote from the letter:

"I would like to tell you of the Sacrificial Bazaar in my church, the First Methodist. We had a luncheon where more than fifty ladies were hostesses at their separate tables, inviting ladies as their guests (some tables seated four, some six). The tables were beautifully arranged, almost like a garden show. Fancy sandwiches, cookies, fruit, tea and coffee were served. It was much enjoyed by all. White envelopes were placed at each table for the offering and nearly $1,000 was received.

"We had our District Vice-President as speaker. I received red roses as a member of the church for over 50 years, and recognition for being 82 years old. I have attended this church for 70 years. On shut-in Sundays I enjoy Dr. Bradley's inspiring sermons and wish he might be on the air during the week. So many programs over the air are not worth while."

To Dr. Bradley, Mrs. Spence sent the most beautiful picture of Cardinal Red Birds, thanked him for the beautiful music and inspiring sermons of his church service, and added: "I like to feel I am one of your congregation though many miles away. I am enjoying your article 'Along the Way.' When you spoke of Eddie Foy in your sermon of the month, my thoughts went back many years, when he made me laugh while in Chicago." Mrs. Spence quotes a poem and then ends her letter with this lovely thought—"Friends are the flowers along life's pathway."

* * *

Mrs. B. Spieker of Chicago, writes that in Kankakee State Hospital, in Cottage Five South, there are about

45 men all past middle life who seem at times quite rational, but will never again return to normal living.

She bespeaks for them a television radio set should anyone have one available, stating that Dr. Klein, the Superintendent of Kankakee, is a very kind and considerate person and she feels he would be glad to permit a radio or television in this cottage, which doesn't even have a small radio. Perhaps someone who reads these lines might be willing and able to help out here.

* * *

On a Christmas card to Dr. Bradley from the M. E. Keizurs, of Hospital Corps School at the U.S. Naval Hospital at Great Lakes was this personal message:

"You do not know us from Adam, but we take the liberty of calling you friend because we have become acquainted with you through listening to or reading aloud some of your sermons, and since we have derived much profit and pleasure from these products of your active mind and courageous spirit, we want to send our good wishes to you. We have heard your church referred to as a 'political hall.' How we wish there were more political halls like it."

* * *

Rarely has Dr. Bradley preached a sermon which brought in more commendatory letters and telegrams and telephone messages than his sermon of October 28th (published last month)—"What Is A Christian?" There were of course some who wished to reform or convert him to their orthodox or fundamentalist ideas, but the vast majority were highly complimentary.

Lester M. Stern, Sr., of 7418 S. Eberhardt Avenue, sent the following telegram immediately after the sermon:

"Many years of almost constant effort to read or to hear what you said this morning have brought their reward."

* * *

Mr. Edward F. Lueben, of Naperville, said:

"It was my good fortune that quite by chance I heard you speak over Radio Station WJJD yesterday morning . . . I was fascinated by your subject, 'What Is A Christian?' and I want you to know, Dr. Bradley, that it was one of the best dissertations ever to have come from your lips, if not THE best.

"It is rare to find one who speaks his mind as courageously as you do and The Peoples Church is indeed fortunate to have such a leader."

* * *

As evidence of the far-reaching voice of The Peoples Church, is this congratulatory telegram from Dr. William S. Arms, of Brewton, Alabama:

"Congratulations on your 40th Anniversary. The best is your just due. May the future bring increasing joy in service."

* * *

This closing verse of a little poem called "It's Up to You," by John Kvale of 5226 LeMoyne Street should be helpful to us all while the year is still young:

Just hold this thought whate'er betides
To make your dreams come true,
For whether they do or whether they don't
Is largely up to you.

* * *

Many of our readers I know heard Dr. Bradley ask for a television set for the boys at North Hospital at Lincoln, Illinois. Dorothy Kirsch, who wrote in this request to Dr. Bradley writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Our talmud tells us that 'Words are Messengers of the Heart.' I cannot find the words of

appreciation to tell you how grateful we are for your reading my letter on the air on Sunday for a television set for those forgotten boys at North Hospital at Lincoln, Illinois. I pray that a receiving heart heard our plea."

A Mrs. Massman of Chicago heard the request and supplied a television set, and Dr. Bradley is very grateful to her.

Mrs. Kirsch sent with the above letter her little "Prayer for Peace":

Pray for Peace for our blessed land
With a heart to understand
Other people everywhere;
Each has sorrow he must bear.

Brotherhood of Man throughout the years
Will bring Peace instead of fears.
This has always been God's goal;
Surely it can be man's role.

—Dorothy Kirsch

* * *

Gertrude A. Hobart, a new member of the Peoples Church, wrote recently:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Many times during the times I've listened to you, and especially during the past five years, you've 'kept me on my feet' and I am truly grateful to you. Am happy to be one of your flock now."

* * *

At Christmas time Santa Claus brought with him to the Candle Light service a young lady who sang for the audience that evening. It was one of Santa Claus's surprises to the Peoples Church. The young lady later wrote the following letter to Dr. Bradley:

"I am writing this short letter to you to tell you how honored and grateful I felt to sing 'Bless this House' and 'Silent Night' in your Peoples Church at the evening Candle Light Service last Sunday.

"What I said there I *meant*. I have listened to your Sunday broadcasts for years, and have always loved and admired your sermons. Last Easter your sermon inspired me so that I wrote a long letter to you, but did not send it, because I could not seem to fully express the feeling in my heart. Singing in your church, with you there to listen, was a higher honor that I had ever hoped to attain.

"I wish to conclude this missive by saying that to me and my family, as surely as it must be to millions of others, you are one of the greatest men that has ever lived, for besides having a brilliant intellect and becoming extremely successful, you have accomplished that which most others fail to, and that is, devoting yourself to doing good for others.

"God bless you and may you continue in your great work for many years to come. The world needs more men like you.

In all sincerity I am,

Mercia Balgemann."

* * *

Around the Christmas season letters came to Dr. Bradley from great distances, from people who had only recently heard of J. Bradley-Griffin's death, and from some who had not yet heard of his passing. One letter came to Mr. Harrison who is in charge of our church, which touched Dr. Bradley deeply, for it was from one who when a young man of 19 was janitor of our church, when the church first started, many years ago. The letter is from La Jolla, California, and says:

"Dear Mr. Harrison: It was grand to receive The Liberalist from you, but I was shocked beyond words at its front page, for J. Bradley-Griffin was a truly great friend of mine. I often thought of him for his kindness. He was an all-around great guy. To me he was one of the best. To see a grand fellow go in his prime moves you deeply. My deepest sympathy goes to the Doctor, who lost two of his dearest beloved ones in such a short time.

"I want you to know it's always good to hear from you; and too, you know, my prayers always include the Harrisons.

"I am working now at Oceanside, California, at the big Marine Base of Camp Pendleton, so for the time being I live in La Jolla and was late getting my mail.

"In closing let me say that I shall always cherish the thoughts of knowing such a grand guy as Jimmy.

"Wishing you and Mrs. Harrison the best of health and everything,

Yours truly,

Joseph Herbert."

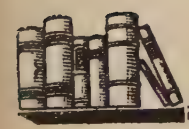
* * *

As I read over the opening paragraphs which I always place ahead of the letters of this Mail Bag (in spite of the fact that the letters are what you really want to read) I wondered however I happened to strike such a serious note in this month of February. I've just returned from a two-day organization meeting in Wisconsin and have landed right in the midst of the planning for a March 1st and 2nd Convention of the same organization to be held here in Chicago. That must be what ails me. But if you don't feel serious and would like some real relaxation and fun, just read the first book mentioned in the Book Chats this month. That will blow a fresh breeze through anybody's tired brain, and make them see the lighter side of life.

* * *

May you have lots of Valentines from people you want to hear from, and may February be good to us all in many ways.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!



BOOK CHATS

MONROE A. TOUSSAINT gives you an invitation up to his hill where you may see a mallard duck eating out of the same dish as the dog, and where you may look down on the Fox River and see the theatre of the seasons as the scenery changes with awe-inspiring magnificence.

But it isn't going to be as quiet and hushed as you might expect, for Mr. Toussaint is in a hilarious mood as he tells about himself, his wife, four children and their pets and how they undertook their daily chores in living on this hill.

I have purposely called your attention to something in the lighter vein in this February number of ours. Mother has just about got the last of the pine and cedar out of the house and a semblance of the regular routine started again. Father may still be struggling with those Christmas bills, and looking with dread at the income tax form to be filled out and taken care

of by March 15th. The young folks are just now beginning to hit their stride again after the Christmas holidays, and perhaps we need something just like "With the Squirrels on the Hill" by Monroe A. Toussaint to remind us that life can be fun, all in all, if we look at the daily events through glasses that are tinted with a shade of humor.

The illustration on the outside cover, with three squirrels, Pa, Ma and the baby, Pa with a cane pointing up to the comfortable and interesting looking house on the hill, makes you want to go right up and look inside and that is what you do from the first word to the last in the book.

Ann Bumby Fallon has done the illustrations, which are priceless, especially the one of the daughter of the family who is an oboe player and . . . oh, well, we would have to describe each one, and of course you must see them for yourself.

By the way, Monroe A. Toussaint was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and is a graduate of Ripon College. He has worked as a teacher of English and an advertising manager and is at present vice-president of the Conlon-Moore Corporation.

The book is dedicated to the author's Mother-in-Law. Says M. A. T. "When I decided to get married, I looked around for the best mother-in-law I could find, and then I married her daughter. So, to Pauline Wilcox, my mother-in-law, this book is affectionately dedicated." There are twenty-one chapters in this eighty-four page book, beginning with the chapter "With the Squirrels on the Hill" from which the book derives its name, and ending with "All This and Contests Too," which is mostly about what having an oboe-playing daughter means to a family. The book will certainly be enjoyed by everyone who has ever been a part of a family—and of course that means you.

* * *

I would hesitate to list so many books in our Book Chats, as I did last month you remember, except that I know our Church congregation attends the Book Lectures to hear the important individual books discussed more fully on Wednesday nights and I feel that it is very important that the names of many good books be brought into the homes the Liberalist serves.

The Chicago Public Library has several pamphlet lists that are important to Americans. There is one called "My Country 'Tis of Thee," a very attractive pamphlet which lists books that play an important part in fostering an understanding of our American Heritage and in developing and preserving our ideals. This list, they say, is designed to make the familiar words of "America" ring true. Last month we published a general cultural list. This list is specific and in keeping with this biographical month when we shall be thinking of our great Americans:

"THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA," edited by Henry S. Commager and Allan Nevins, presents the adventure, drama and color of our history through writings of those who were actual participants and observers of great events. The writers range from Presidents to pioneers, from millionaires to mule drivers, and from admirals to aviators.

"REMEMBRANCE ROCK," by Carl Sandburg (Fiction). A long historical novel which attempts to tell the story of the American dream in terms of some of the people who have been responsible for the furthering of it.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY," by John D. Hicks. A dynamic and inspiring account of the great social and economic changes that have transformed the

United States from a small nation of British-descended farmers to an industrial empire of polyglot origin.

"DAYS OF PROMISE," by Louis Stevens. A novel of four generations of a family—farmers, journalists, adventurers, doctors and soldiers, each testing his democratic heritage against the powerful forces of his time and each contributing towards the nation's greatness.

"A NATION OF NATIONS," by Louis Adamic. A fascinating account of the part played by all races and nationalities in the making of our country, showing that the diversity of our peoples has been partly responsible for our strength and vitality.

As I read the above description of this book in the pamphlet I thought: small wonder that we should feel like taking a leading part in the United Nations, since in spirit that is what our nation is.

"THE HOURS AND THE AGES," by Edward Nicholas. Through these pages moves a host of vivid and unforgettable people, some famous, some little known, whose lives were interwoven by friendship, influence, and shared tradition into the composite life of our nation as it developed.

"WE SPEAK FOR OURSELVES," by Irving Stone. Sixty-four men and women speak for themselves and we have a chorus of Americans that sounds its message with strength and faith.

"I AM AN AMERICAN," edited by Robert S. Benjamin. In this book many famous citizens by adoption present their credos on life in America.

"AMERICA," by Stephen V. Benet. A short poetic interpretation of our history which will bring to Americans a reaffirmation of faith in the enduring things of our past.

"ON THE WISDOM OF AMERICA," by Lin, Yu-t' ang. A journey through American literature, quoting here and there the passages which, to the author, show the best values of our culture.

"ANTHOLOGY OF THE NEW ENGLAND POETS FROM COLONIAL TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY," edited by Louis Untermeyer. The lyric voice of America in the writings of more than thirty distinguished New England poets who represent, as have no other regional writers, the conscience and eloquence of America.

"HOLDFAST GAINES," by Odell and Willard Shepard. This historical novel, closely woven and solidly based upon fact, gives a magnificent picture of America's fight for independence.

"DRUMS OF MORNING," by Philip Van Doren Stern. The anti-slavery movement is the background for this good historical novel in which the author not only makes his characters and their period live, but links their struggle with the larger struggle for human freedom.

"FARTHEST FRONTIER," by Sidney Warren. How a wilderness which marked the final stopping place of the restless pioneers gradually shed its coat of Indians and white adventurers to take on the fabric of Oregon.

"THIS RECKLESS BREED OF MEN," by Robert G. Cleland. A vivid account of the superhuman exploits and incredible hardships of the fur trappers in the Great Southwest as it existed in the early 1800's.

"PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE," by Ernest Gebler. A fresh and dramatic story of one of the most courageous ventures in history—the Mayflower voyage—and of the first winter spent by the Pilgrims in New England.

"THE PEABODY SISTERS OF SALEM," by Louise H. Tharp. A distinguished biography of three women in and out of whose lives wandered some of the great intellectual figures of the period of New England's flowering.

"AMERICA BEGINS," by Richard M. Dorson. A selection of early American narratives that vividly record the first comers to America.

"YANKEE EXODUS," by Stewart H. Holbrook. A robust, humorous and unique account of the Yankees who migrated to New York and the Middle Atlantic states, the Middle West, Far West, Southwest and even a bit of the South.

"SOCIETY AND THOUGHT IN EARLY AMERICA," by Harvey Wish. How we became the people we are, is vigorously answered in this lively and thoughtful study of early America.

"SAINTS AND SINNERS," by George Findlay Willison. A hearty and human interpretation of the character of the Pilgrims whose lives have become a symbol of our country's faith in freedom and democracy.

"LOOK AT AMERICA," by editors of "LOOK." America as it is today, covering the United States as a whole in handsome pictures and related text. This is followed by a series of books on the seven main regional areas of our country.

"AMERICAN HEARTWOOD," by Donald C. Peattie. One of America's leading nature writers and an inspired interpreter of our national spirit retells some stories of our past against a new background . . . the background of our forests.

"THE RIVERS OF AMERICA," a series of fascinating volumes on the character and personality of our rivers and of the territories through which they flow.

"CITIES OF AMERICA," by George S. Perry. A collection of informative as well as entertaining sketches in which a reporter shows the atmosphere, color and character of our principal cities.

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DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER 16 to JANUARY 15

DECEMBER

16—Two services. Peoples Church
Address. Annual Christmas Party Viking Sport Club. Viking Temple, Chicago.
17—Address. Advertising Men's Post American Legion. Elks Club
18—Address. Christmas Party. Chicago City Bank & Trust Co.
19—Address. Borrowed Time Club, Oak Park, Ill.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
21—Address. Mutual National Bank Christmas Party. Introduced by President Rathje
Address. Sunday School Party of the Peoples Church
23—Christmas Service. Peoples Church Candle Light Service. Peoples Church
24—Annual Christmas Eve Service, 11 p.m. Peoples Church
25—Last night's service broadcast over WJJD (by electrical transcription)
Travelled all day to get to Linden, Michigan, Dr. Bradley's birthplace and the home of his sister Mrs. Russell V. Judson
28—Address. National Speech Assoc. Convention. Conrad Hilton Hotel. Invited by Dean of Speech of Duke University
29—Address. Annual Memorial Meeting Iroquois Theatre Fire Victims.
30—Two services. Peoples Church
31—Annual Watch Night Service. 11 p.m. Peoples Church

JANUARY

1—Television appearance with Bob Elson. WGN-TV
2—Address. 29th Anniversary, Friends of Drama. Century Room LaSalle Hotel
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
3—Address. Chicago Public Library
6—Two services. Peoples Church
7—Address. Opening Campaign for $750,000 for YMCA, Richmond, Ind. Address recorded and broadcast at 9:30 p.m. on WKTB, Richmond
9—Attendance at Board Meeting of John Howard Assoc.
Attendance at meeting of Commission on Human Relations
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
10—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
12—Address. Teacher's Institute. High School Auditorium. Marion, Indiana
13—Two services. Peoples Church

WEDDINGS

DECEMBER

22—Elizabeth Pickett and Demosthenes Tremulis
24—Lorraine Schneider and Albert H. Quay
29—Audrey Rafalski and Malcolm Howell
Priscilla Colditz and Bruce W. Hubbard
31—Violet Custer and William L. Wahlquist

JANUARY

5—Dorothy Udell and Lester Olson
10—Joyce Krell and Allen Krell (repeated vows)
13—Evelyn Sorenson and Byron Richman
14—Violet R. Nelson and William Patrick Flanagan

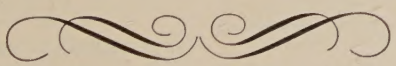
FUNERALS

DECEMBER

22—Mrs. George L. Mickleberry
Mrs. Augusta Benson
28—Mrs. Nettie Buchanan
29—Mrs. Margaret Kaufman

JANUARY

4—Mrs. Sally Ann Forsaith
7—Bert C. Lund
14—Mrs. Katherine Antrim



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